

The diaphragm shows a nodule, the size of a big hazelnut, which is pedunculated. The color of this nodule is a little more haemorrhagic, but it seems to be confined to the covering.

The liver is very sparingly involved with metastases, but, owing to the dark color of the liver substance, they stand out very prominently. The nodules are not over the size of a large hazelnut, having all the characteristics of those already described. A concretion is observed in the common duct, and as a consequence we find dilation of the duct. Symptoms referable to this condition were absent.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS FROM ALUMNI.

Hullo, Tex.

Mr. L. P. Hendricks, 2431 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Dear Sir and Friend:—

Enclosed find "one plunk" to extend my subscription to the "Bulletin." I hope you will be able to continue that valuable magazine in its present spirit. Verily, it is not the bulky medical journal that contains the most meat. The Bulletin is all meat and no shell to speak of. Personally, I might state that I am doing well. My success has been all that could be desired. Yours very truly,

J. R. BROWN, '99.

Dec. 6, 1900.

H. P. Hendricks, Esq., 2421 Dearborn St.

Dear Hendricks:—

Here's a voice from the grave for you. I deny the assertion indignantly, and declare truly that I am not dead physically, mentally or professionally.

I have gained twelve or fifteen pounds and haven't felt better in a year. All that old "nervousness" has disappeared, although it took all summer to do it. I spent six weeks in the Colorado Mountains. Got a deer, and all the trout we could eat.

Since I have returned I have been very busy. My father and uncle give me their overflow, and of course I get a little on my own account. Incidentally I gathered in the diphtheria this winter, but was not very ill. I have had considerable diphtheria to attend to, and I gathered it in that way I guess.

I want to thank you for your kind words of sympathy expressed in your letter to father, and while it was very gratifying to know I was such a good thing, it sent the cold chills down my back to read my "pre-mortuary" obituary notice. Regards to Prof. Johnson and the boys, with best wishes to yourself, I am sincerely

Lincoln, Nebraska.

HARRY H. EVERETT, '00.

Camp Torrijos, Marinduque Island.

Dear Friend Hendricks:—

This letter will reach you about Yuletide, and I wish you and all my friends a Merry Xmas and a happy New Year. This Yuletide will appear to me in an entirely new garb, for without green foliage will abound, and within it will appear as Fourth of July or some other equally hot day. "Peace on earth and good will towards men" will not be proclaimed in the Philippines this Christmas.

War exists, and will for many years to come. We landed on this island Oct. 9th, for the purpose of liberating 52 men of the 29th Infantry that were captured by the Filipinos. We succeeded in doing this in six days, and then we demanded that all the rifles on the island should be turned in to us within one week or we would make war upon them. They did not comply with our request, so we started out in pursuit of the enemy. We have made several expeditions and succeeded in capturing over 500 natives. The warriors are afraid to face our superior forces, and have taken to the tall timbers, and we are compelled to ferret them out.

This island is practically pacified now, and we expect to be sent to Samoa Island where there is a state of war. A typhoon struck this place last Tuesday and destroyed 37 houses. No one was hurt. The wind was terrific, and the rain came down as though the heavens had opened. This is the only place in the world where it knows how to rain. Our sick report has been very low. Dysentery is the most dreaded of the diseases that we have to deal with. Malaria is second in number and importance.

I am feeling fine. Election day today and I am sorry I can't cast my vote for McKinley. Enclosed you will find \$2 which is my subscription for the Bulletin. Wishing you and our school all success, I am

Sincerely yours,

GUSTAVUS I. HOGUE, '99.
Act. Asst. Surgeon 1st Infantry.

Manila, P. I.

Chungking, China, Oct. 27, 1900.

Dear Dean and Friends:—

You may remember me as a member of the class of '98. I certainly thought I ought to give an account of myself during this time of unusual insecurity of life in China. I reached Chungking, 1,600 miles up the Yangtsi river, a year ago last May, and since that time have been in charge of the medical work of the Methodist Episcopal Hospital in this place. We have a hospital of 60 beds, well constructed and equipped, and 3 dispensaries which have averaged 50 to 75 patients a day. Several trained native helpers have been of great value to the work. I send you under separate cover 4 photos of patients and one of my traveling outfit.

When the war broke out at Peking, in June, great alarm spread throughout the empire. In many places property was destroyed, and it is now known that at least 100 Protestant missionaries, chiefly women and children, 100 Catholic missionaries and about 30,000 natives who have been associated with foreigners, have been killed. All Protestant missionaries fled to places of safety, and with others I left my hospital and went down the river as far as Hankow. There I found work for a few days of a vastly valuable sort. Fourteen missionaries arrived from Shansi province who had been traveling in peril for 50 days. Three women had been killed, and two children died on the way. The remaining party were all dangerously ill, except three, and extremely destitute. The thermometer was then registering 108 in the shade daily. All had suffered severe nervous shock, and as a result of exposure and heat one more child has since died. A pregnant woman delivered five weeks after arrival, is very low. The brutality which they all received was indescribable. After caring for these needy ones for two days and nights, I was ordered back to Chungking, and started on my trip the day the foreign troops were storming Peking. It is because of my service to the Chinese Imperial Customs Staff that I was allowed to return, and now for two months I have been the only Protestant missionary in the western half of China, and the only foreign physician on shore west of Hankow, 1,000 miles down the river. This half of China contains a population twice that of the United States, and there are a half million within three miles of my door. I am not suffering for want of practice. Keep good health and hope for the war to be over. I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Sincerely, OSMAN F. HALL, '98.